

DOC SIFERS.

Of all the doctors I could cite you to in this 'ere town Doc Sifers is my favorite, 'cos he takes him up and down: Counts in the Bethel neighborhood, and Hollins and the 'Bers. And Sifers stands a 'cos as good as any doctor there!

There's old Doc Wick, and Glenn, and Hall, and Wampler and McVeigh, But I'll back Sifers 'gainst 'em all and down 'em any day!

Most old Doc Wick ever knowed, I s'pose, was whiskey! Wampler—well, He's a surpise—of actions show, and fact's reliable!



WUOLGER, SIFERS AND McVIGOR.

But Sifers—though he ain't no doc, he's got his fault, and 'tis When you get Sifers out, you've got a doctor, don't forget! He ain't much at his office, or his house, or any where. You'd nauchly think certain far to hetch the fel for there!

But don't blame Doc: he's got all sorts o' curious notions— The feller says, his 'odd come shorts,' like smart men mostly has. He'll morn a like be potter's round the blacksmith shop, or in some back lot spallin' up the ground, or gradin' it again.

Er at the work bench, plainin' things; or buffin' little traps To hetch birds; galvanizin' rings; or gradin' plums, perhaps. Make anythin' good as the best—'s a gunstock or a flute: He whittled out a set o' chessmen once o' laural root.

Durin' the army got his trade o' surgeon there—I own. Today a finger ring Doc made out of a foom bone! An' 'gued a fiddle once for me—'cos all so busted you. 'D' throwed the thing away, but he 'cos fazed his good as new!

And take Doc, now, in ager, say, or him, or rheumatia, And all afflictions thataway, and he's the best they is. Er janders—milk sick—I don't know—'cos yore any thing he tries— A sbeens, getherin' in yore year, or graduated eyes.



THEY BOTH MOVE INTO SIGHT.

There was the Widder Danocoeper, they all give up fer dead: A blame cowbunch on her neck, and clean out of her head! First had this doctor, what's his name, from 'Puddlesburg' and then This little red head, 'Burnin' Shame,' they call him—Dr. Glenn.

And they 'consulted' on the case, and claimed she'd had to die. I 'cos was jaggin' by the place, and heard her doctor cry. And stops and calls her to the fence, and I says I, 'let me. Send Sifers—let yore fifteen cents he'll k-yore her!' 'Well,' says she,

'Light out,' she says; and, hipp-tee-out, I loped in town, and rid 'Bout two hours more to find him, but I knewed him when I did! He was down at the gunsmith shop a stuffer! birds. Says he, 'sully's broke! Says I, 'You hop right on and ride with me! I got him there. 'Well, aunty, ten days k-yore you,' Sifers said: 'But what's yer idly livin' when yer 'cos as good as dead?' And there's Dave Danke—'cos' back from war without a scratch—one day Got ketchin' up in a sickle bar, a reaper run away.

His shoulders, arms and hands and legs 'cos' sawed in strips. And Jake Danke starts fer Sifers—feller likes to shoot him fer God sake! Doc, course, was gone, but he had planned the notice, 'At Big Bear.' He back to town, 'cos to 'tend the bee convention there.'

But Jake, he tracked him—rid and rode the whole mornin' night! And 'bout the time the rooster crowed they both howl into sight. Doc had to amputate, but 'greed to save Dave's arm, an' swore He could a saved his legs if he'd ben there the day before.

Like when his wife's own mother died 'fore Sifers could be found. And all the neighbors fer and wide a' all 'cos' chain round! Tel finally I had to laugh—'cos' 'cos' like Doc, you know. Was learnin' fer to telegraph, down at the old depo.

But all they're faultin' Sifers fer, they's none of 'em kin say. He's buggery, or lawless, or not posted anyway; He ain't built on the common plan of doctors nowadays. He's 'cos a great big, brainy man—that's where the trouble lays!—James Whitcomb Riley in New York World.

BILL NYE IN WASHINGTON.

His Financial Embarrassments Briefly Touched Upon in a Personal Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., ALONG TOWARDS MORNING, 1887.

Cashier World Office, New York:

MY DEAR SIR:—You will doubtless be surprised to hear from me so soon, as I did not promise when I left New York that I would write you at all while here. But I now take you in hand to say that the senate and house of representatives are having a good deal of fun with me, and hope you are enjoying the same great blessing. You will wonder at first why I send in my expense account before I send anything for the paper, but I will explain that to you when I get back. At first I thought I would not bother with the expense account till I got to your office, but I can now see that it is going to worry me to get there unless I hear from you favorably by return mail.

When I came here I fell into the mad whirl of society, and attracted a good deal of attention by my cultivated ways and Jeffersonian method of sleeping with a different member of congress every night.

single-men and their wives are daily landing at the great national Castle Garden and looking wildly around for the place where they are told they will get their mileage. On every hand all is hurry and excitement. Bills are being introduced, acquaintances renewed and punch bowls are beginning to wear a preoccupied air.

I have been mingling with society ever since I came here, and that is one reason I have written very little for publication, and yesterday afternoon my money gave out at 3:30, and since that my mind has been clearer and society has made fewer demands on me. At first I thought I would obtain employment at the treasury department as an exchange clerk in the greenback room. Then I remembered that I would get very faint before I could go through a competitive examination, and, in the mean time, I might lose social cast by wearing my person on the outside of my clothes. So I have resolved to write you a chatty letter about Washington, assuring you that I am well and asking you to kindly consider the enclosed tabulated bill of expenses, as I need the money to buy Christmas presents and get home with.

My idea was that board and lodgings would be a plain room of expense, but I struck a low priced place where, by clubbing together with some plain gentlemen from a distance who have been waiting here three years for political recognition, and who do not feel like surrounding themselves with a hotel, we get a plain room with six beds in it. The room overlooks the District of Columbia, and the first man in has the choice of beds, with the privilege of inviting friends to a limited number. We lunch plainly in the lower part of the building in a standing position, without restraint or finger bowls. So board is not the principal item of expense, though of course I do not wish to put up at a place where I will be a disgrace to the paper.

I wish that you would, when you send my check, write me frankly whether you think I had better remain here during the session or not. I like the place first rate, but my duties keep me up nights till a late hour, and I cannot sleep during the day, because my room mates annoy me by doing their washing and ironing over an oil stove. I know by what several friends have said to me that congress would like to have me stay here all winter, but I want to do what is best for the paper.

I saw Mr. Cleveland briefly last evening at his house, but he was surrounded by a crowd of fawning sycophants, so I did not get a chance to speak to him as I would like to, and don't know as he would have advanced the amount to me anyway. He is very firm and stubborn, I judged, and would yield very little indeed, especially to Yours truly, BILL NYE.

Exhibit A.

The following bill looks large in the aggregate, but when you come to examine each item by itself there is really nothing startling

For the army got his trade o' surgeon there—I own.	1.00
Today a finger ring Doc made out of a foom bone!	1.00
An' 'gued a fiddle once for me—'cos all so busted you.	1.00
'D' throwed the thing away, but he 'cos fazed his good as new!	1.00
And take Doc, now, in ager, say, or him, or rheumatia,	1.00
And all afflictions thataway, and he's the best they is.	1.00
Er janders—milk sick—I don't know—'cos yore any thing he tries—	1.00
A sbeens, getherin' in yore year, or graduated eyes.	1.00
THEY BOTH MOVE INTO SIGHT.	1.00
There was the Widder Danocoeper, they all give up fer dead:	1.00
A blame cowbunch on her neck, and clean out of her head!	1.00
First had this doctor, what's his name, from 'Puddlesburg' and then	1.00
This little red head, 'Burnin' Shame,' they call him—Dr. Glenn.	1.00
And they 'consulted' on the case, and claimed she'd had to die.	1.00
I 'cos was jaggin' by the place, and heard her doctor cry.	1.00
And stops and calls her to the fence, and I says I, 'let me.	1.00
Send Sifers—let yore fifteen cents he'll k-yore her!' 'Well,' says she,	1.00
'Light out,' she says; and, hipp-tee-out, I loped in town, and rid	1.00
'Bout two hours more to find him, but I knewed him when I did!	1.00
He was down at the gunsmith shop a stuffer! birds. Says he,	1.00
'sully's broke! Says I, 'You hop right on and ride with me!	1.00
I got him there. 'Well, aunty, ten days k-yore you,' Sifers said:	1.00
'But what's yer idly livin' when yer 'cos as good as dead?'	1.00
And there's Dave Danke—'cos' back from war without a scratch—one day	1.00
Got ketchin' up in a sickle bar, a reaper run away.	1.00
His shoulders, arms and hands and legs 'cos' sawed in strips.	1.00
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Doc, course, was gone, but he had planned the notice, 'At Big Bear.'	1.00
He back to town, 'cos to 'tend the bee convention there.'	1.00
But Jake, he tracked him—rid and rode the whole mornin' night!	1.00
And 'bout the time the rooster crowed they both howl into sight.	1.00
Doc had to amputate, but 'greed to save Dave's arm, an' swore	1.00
He could a saved his legs if he'd ben there the day before.	1.00
Like when his wife's own mother died 'fore Sifers could be found.	1.00
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He's buggery, or lawless, or not posted anyway;	1.00
He ain't built on the common plan of doctors nowadays.	1.00
He's 'cos a great big, brainy man—that's where the trouble lays!	1.00
—James Whitcomb Riley in New York World.	1.00
BILL NYE IN WASHINGTON.	1.00
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about it, and when you remember that I have been here now four days, and that this is the first bill I have sent in to the office during that time, I know you will not consider it out of the way, especially as you are interested in seeing me make a good paper of The World, no matter what the expense is.

We are having good open winter weather, and stock is looking well so far.

I fear you will regard the item for embalming as exorbitant, and it is so, but I was compelled to pay that price, as the man had to be shipped a long distance, and I did not want to shock his friends too much when he met them at the depot.

To rent of dress suit for the purpose of seeing life in Washington in the interest of the paper. \$1.50

To charge for dispersing turtle soup from lap of some 1.00

To getting for collar put on overcoat, in interest of paper. 1.00

To amount toward a gentleman who had lived in Washington a long time and could make me a social pet if I will return same to you in case he pays it before I come back! 5.00

To lodgings two nights at 25 cents. 50

Pen and ink 25

Postage on this letter 25

Financial trouble, in interest of paper. 25

Car fare 50

Laundry work done in interest of paper. 30

Carriage hire in getting from humble home of a senator to my own voluminous belongings 2.00

To expense of embalming a man who came to me and wanted me to use my influence in changing policy of the paper. 100.00

To fine paid for assault and battery in and upon a gentleman who said he wanted my influence, but really was already under other influence, and who stepped on my stomach twice without offering to apologize! 10.00

Post janitor of jail next morning. 1.00

Fail for breaking window of my girl friend's house for writing numerous poetry on wall of cell so that it could not be erased. 2.00

Total \$257.75

I will probably remain here until I hear from you favorably. I have met several members of congress for whom I have voted at various times, off and on, but they were cold and haughty in their intercourse with me. I have been invited to sit on the floor of the house until I get some other place to stay, but I hate to ride a free horse to death. —New York World.

B. N.

Wales at a Watering Place.

The prince, though stout and what I call a little beefy, though the size wouldn't say so for the world, is a very quick, nervous man, who does everything as quickly as a cat can move. He talks in quick, jerky sentences and moves like a flash. He walked twice as fast as any man in Homburg when he was taking his exercise along with his waters. Well, he turned up every morning at 7, and there were all the girls. He took his glass of water and began to fly around the walks in the park, nodding now to one friend and now to another. You had better believe that the girls were all there, red eyed and ghastly, because of getting up so early. But they had to attend their chambers, because no one is allowed to speak to the prince until he speaks first. He had about seven or eight men and women in his party, and he would fly around with them more than half the time. But suddenly, every now and then, he would halt in front of a Yankee miss and say, 'Don't you want to walk a little?' He then would start off with her for a turn or two, and then drop her and take up some one else.—Tourist in Philadelphia Times.

Color Blindness is twice as common among Quakers as it is among the rest of the community, owing to their having dressed in drab for generations and thus disused the color sense.

It is said that hawks are frequently seen flying southward on the approach of winter, and that when they get back, at first I thought I would not bother with the expense account till I got to your office, but I can now see that it is going to worry me to get there unless I hear from you favorably by return mail.

When I came here I fell into the mad whirl of society, and attracted a good deal of attention by my cultivated ways and Jeffersonian method of sleeping with a different member of congress every night.

The Chinese have utilized for centuries in every kind of home, a gas which issues from coal seams near Pekin.

In the United States there is published one paper to every 4,433 inhabitants.

STORIES ABOUT MEN.

A Joke on Col. Nat Crutchfield, Carle's Clerk.

Col. Nat Crutchfield, desk clerk to Speaker Carlisle, is handsome enough, but he isn't so fat that people joke him on his obesity. On the contrary. The other evening he was calling on a pretty girl up town (he is popular with the sex), and she wanted to light an extra gas jet.

"Have you got a match, colonel?" she asked.

"Ah," replied the colonel, with insinuating grace as he looked down his long, slender figure, "I've been told I was one."

"It wasn't the girl's mother that told you, was it, colonel?" she inquired, with a sweet, innocent smile, and the colonel, with a faint little spasm, went out.—Washington Critic.

How Gen. Sherman Saved Jefferson's Life.

Two plainly dressed men stood at the clerk's desk in the Fifth Avenue hotel last night. Everybody recognized them, for their names and faces are familiar everywhere. The one was tall and erect, with grizzled hair, old derby hat, and carefully arranged necktie; the other was smooth faced, with regular features, merry sparkling eyes, and jet black hair combed to points that projected over his ears. They were William Tecumseh Sherman and Joe Jefferson, the actor. They were chatting gaily and evidently enjoying themselves. The famous soldier and ocular was telling stories. Turning to third party in the group he said: "One of the most valiant achievements of my life, which I look back to with unalloyed pleasure, was the saving of Joe's life. It occurred last summer. We were both in the parlor upstairs talking to some ladies. Joe had to leave early, and excused himself. After he went out I noticed a bundle of manuscript on the floor. I thought at first it belonged to me, but finding mine safe I hurried back to the elevator after Joe. But he had gone down by way of the stairs. I hurried: 'Joe, Joe,' but he didn't hear me. I ran down after him two steps at a time. I finally caught up with him, and handing him the manuscript, said: 'Here, Joe, you've forgotten something very important.' A serious expression spread over his face as he took it and said in tremulously solemn and impressive voice: 'My God, you've saved my life!'

"It was his autobiography, which he was engaged upon at the time."—New York Evening Sun.

Napoleon III and His American Guest.

The following relating to Napoleon III—the authenticity of which we absolutely guarantee—is not generally known. On a citizen of Yankeland being presented to him by Mr. Dayton, the American minister at the court of the Tuileries, Napoleon III, wishing to be most gracious, remarked pleasantly: "I know New York well, and have seen very pleasant reminiscences of my visit there. The feelings of the occupier of the untidy throne founded by the coup d'etat may be more easily imagined than described, when the Gettysburg, not to be outside in civility, blantly replied: 'I am glad to hear it; those we should have the pleasure of seeing your majesty there again before long.' But the poor emperor was used to this sort of thing, for when Lady Blessington, shortly after he had been proclaimed emperor, went to the Tuileries, expecting a hearty welcome from Count D'Orsay could not fail to give rise to the nephew of Petit Caporal distinctly got the worst of it.

"Do you intend staying long in France?" coldly asked his imperial majesty, with marked emphasis.

"No, sire," replied the Irish countess, with a twinkle in her eye, "do you?"—Modern Society.

Was It Saltontall's Joke?

Life would be very dreary for Mr. S. N. Dyer, Jr., private secretary of Collector Saltontall, if he could not have a little fun once in a while; hence the issue by him yesterday of the following notice:

"In accordance with department orders, the custom house will be closed on the first day of January next."

This order was received during the day by the different heads of departments and by them formally turned over to their clerks to promulgate. The effect on the employees was electric. All were highly pleased, but they could not understand the motive that prompted this seeming liberality of the government; for it is not, and never has been, the custom to close the offices on New Year's Day.

After a while, one clerk who was brighter than the rest observed that Jan. 1 falls on Sunday, and ventured to suggest to the secretary that he appeared to have made an error in writing Jan. 1, when he meant Jan. 2.

But it wasn't an error; it was only a joke. Custom house clerks are not so happy as they were.—Boston Transcript.

Larry Jerome Enthusiasts Henry Bergh.

Larry Jerome tells a good story on himself in this wise: On his recent trip to the south he was walking along a country road he came up to a long, lank, agreeable native, who was mired in the clay with his two wheeled cart. His male was tugging with might and main, while the fellow was beating him over the back with an old wagon spoke. Mr. Jerome is tender hearted regarding brute creation and indignantly protested:

"Here, you white lived, messy whelp, what are you beating that mule in that inhuman way for? Why, you are worse than a lout."

"'Cos I got er bigger an' talkin' ter me."

Whack! whack! ping! whack! left and the mule with a superhuman effort lifted the cart out of the clay.

"You don't know any more 'bout mules than you do 'bout mindin' yer own business," shouted the native as he drove off.—New York Evening Sun.

Retrieving a Blunder at Court.

A gentleman on entering the palace the other day to pay a visit to his majesty, was met by the inevitable Sam Makai. Sam, with the agility of a dancing man, came forward with outstretched hand to greet the visitor. The latter supposing Sam to be the valet, charged him with the care of his hat. "You have made an error, my friend," said one of the household to the visitor, "that person (meaning Sam) is the king's cousin." The visitor immediately went up to Sam, who was standing like a statue of indignation, and taking his hand, said that "diplomats are the politest people on earth, the king takes my hat once and has cousin another." Sam was thoroughly satisfied with the compliment.—Honolulu Daily Bulletin Summary.

Hon. George W. Melvaine, for fifteen years a judge of the supreme court of Ohio, died on Thursday, at his home in New Philadelphia, of paralysis.

You can be cured of your RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, or NERVOUS HEADACHE by using ATROPHO-ROS.

For years it has been tested and is today the only successful remedy for these diseases.

Where the man that we can cure.

Send for the beautiful colored picture of the "ATROPHO-ROS" to the ATROPHO-ROS CO. 115 WALL ST. N.Y.

GLOBE CLOTHING MAN

TO THE FRONT WITH THE BEST GOODS AND LOWEST PRICES.

FINE CLOTHING AND NOBBY FURNISHINGS!

Consisting of Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, Silk, Plush and Brocaded Velvet Neckties, Gloves and Mittens.

Generous Hearts, Open Hands and Purses are in Order Now!

A CARD—The Globe Clothing Store, No. 13 East Main St., comes to the front again, announcing a full line of Clothing and Furnishing Goods, that are priced below any competition. All the goods are new and nobby. The prices are the lowest. All the old Globe customers and as many more new ones, are invited to come again. The Globe has come to stay, and desires to serve you in this line.

OUR OFFERING FOR THE HOLIDAYS: A fine line of Clothing, Overcoats and Furnishing Goods. The styles are the latest and best. Call in and see the new goods.

J. M. KNOTE, Proprietor of the Globe Clothing Store,
NO. 13 EAST MAIN STREET.

99 CENT STORE,
HEADQUARTERS FOR
CHRISTMAS GOODS!

Our stock is now complete. Buy early. Toys of all kinds, Dolls, Doll Carriages, Sleds, Banks, Wagons, Blocks of all kinds, Magic Lanterns, Musical Tops, Hobby Horses. The best line of

CHILDREN'S TOY BOOKS
In the city. Scrap Books, Photograph Albums (Plush and Leather), Plush Boxes, all kinds.

MANICURE SETS,
BRUSH AND COMB SETS,
WORK BOXES,
SILVER-PLATED WARE,
WATER SETS,
VASES OF ALL KINDS,
FANCY GLASSWARE

BRONZE PITCHERS
HANGING LAMPS,
In fact, we have everything any one needs to make a Christmas Present.
Holiday Goods at all prices.

NO. 8 WEST MAIN STREET.
L. F. OLDS & BROTHER.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthy condition. The great popularity of Ayer's Hair Vigor is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty.

Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes, "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to the same shade of brown it had when I was 25 years of age."

Feel Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head; but now I gladly lay the cap aside for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I can hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. I look ten years younger."

A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass. Miss O. B. Bodine, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, or of Ayer's Pills, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Purveyors.

CURE Sick Headache!
BY USING THE GENUINE
Dr. C. McLane's LIVER PILLS
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Send us the outside wrapper from a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, with your address, plainly written, and we will send you, by return mail, a magnificent package of Chromatic and Oleographic Cards.

FLEMING BROS.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

HOP OINTMENT

Cures and Removes Tan, Sunburn, Bee Stings, Blisters, and every skin ailment. It is the most delicate and most effective without leaving a scar, by Hop Ointment.

Price 25 Cents, 50 Cents, and \$1.00.

At druggists, or by mail, from The Hop Ointment Co., 115 Wall St., New York.

For sale by all Springfield Druggists.

I WANT AGENTS SELL MISSOURI STEAM WASHER.

3 years and women of all ages, and every kind of laundry, profitable employment. To be had in every city and town. The Missouri Washer is a new and perfect machine, and is the best and most economical of all.

Send for circular and terms free.

W. M. T. LEBLEY & CO.,
215 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

For sale by Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Chicago.

LADIES!
YOU CAN BUY GENTS' FINE VELVET
SLIPPERS
—AT—
GEORGE C. HANCE & CO.,
14 WEST MAIN STREET.
WHEN YOU WANT COAL OF ANY KIND, GO TO
WHELDON & MERRILL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
COAL!
MAIN OFFICE:
GRAND OPERA HOUSE. TELEPHONE 276.
BRANCH OFFICE AND YARDS:
CORNER WASHINGTON AND MECHANIC. Telephone 254.

RED FOR MEN ONLY

VIGOROUS HEALTH

For the cure of all diseases of the male system, such as Gonorrhea, Syphilis, etc., and for the restoration of vigor and health after a course of debility.

Send for circular and terms free.

HARRIS REMEDY CO.,
209 N. Third Street, St. Louis, Mo.